

Info structure

I

Angle head to the right and down. Avoidance. The morning turns from brown to black. Cannot look out the window. For fear of glass.

*May see a reflection,
a self as former self*

Chiseled to chipped, this is not a process.
This is not a song. The wet paint
cracks. Refusal to smear paint across width of chest. Unrecognizable,
Undetermined. The frame has already shattered. A liquid
matter.

II

Twist head, chin level, up. A sudden motion acts
as tearing a band aid from scarred skin. Naked, pale: A resemblance
of self. Step firmly on chipped surface.
Think forward and step back. Begin to scream. Unrecognizable, undetermined.
From liquid to vapor, never solid.
No connection between vocal utterance and silence in brain.

*Neurological disconnect.
Synthetic Distaste*

Streamline broken. Toxic sense.

III

Tilt head up. Above hazel-eye-level. Beneath dirty white ceiling. Nothing remains
white for long. Flashback:

*Was it 1992 or 2002?
Race steps 2 by 2.
Reach top of landing--
don't look down. Forget breath.
Open knob quickly.
18 steps to the bathroom.
Lunge before sitting on
toilet. The centrifugal force of pull
inside*

*sucks in.
Reminds head
of dizziness. Never
enough. Dirty white
ceiling spins before
hazel eyes shut. Rhythmic
dispute.*

IV

Forget to shut the synthetic-oak door. Not alone with self. Never alone. Shift on toilet. Grip toes curled downward to clench the linoleum. Always alone. To rewind the clock or fast forward is not the decision. The lock within the chamber of neurons shifts, syncs, and re-clicks shut.

V

Head bobs—down before eye level. Neurons reconnect. Date, Time, do not Matter. Reason does not calculate. Place and person does. Sinnu of nerves disperse. Blood flow regulates. Gain desire to paint width of chest. Forget girth.

Deliberate

I

No longer simple,
I breathe. Taste
the salt slide down throat.
Force eyes open to look past you.

II

Happenstance, I fall asleep as you
pop open the cork. The black
and white waves flow across
the screen.

III

The lip bitten—
Teeth rest upon flesh.
Wake me before I swallow
in my sleep.

IV

Tonight, a suspended full moon
represents a hookman. Transparent
wire between hinges
I will no longer wait for you.

V

Wiggle nose like *I*
Dream of Genie. The senses
no longer link
in union.

VI

“Glasses, better to see
you with, my dear.” But
I no longer want to
see.

VII

The alley provides a necessary space
between me and the street.
Remind me not to step on glass,
though it reflects on your face.

VIII

Long ago, my eyes adjusted
to the dark.
I can feel the mountain-fresh air.
Remain in the valley alone

Torso

I

No Awning necessary
as the curvature of the body
becomes a shadow,
blocked the circumference.
Fist pointed up towards the cloudless sky,
she is no longer a mere
silhouette.
Salvation speaks in tongue here,
and she does not speak
the language.

II

Makes triangles with her fingers
The spaces between
remind her of the missing pieces,
the map between parallel and horizontal
where she no longer fits
The distance grows between
the water and the hills—
everything now appears flat.
Surfaces intermingle within
her head, entangle, and re-connect.

III

Metal lattices do not protect
from the exterior
as the leg curls
below the grid.
She forms simple sentences
as lips part.
She does not desire a curtain
to hide her sliver of a smile,
does not sway without
the breeze of him.
Today, she feels unearthed.

IV

Red is the color of yesterday:
the memory relinquishes.